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STORY OF A PASTOR'S WOOING.

Young Lady Seeks \$10,000 Damages From a Clergyman.

HAD THEIR QUARRELS BUT ALWAYS BECAME RECONCILED.

Salem, N. J., Feb. 2.—Twenty-five and very attractive, Miss Agnes C. Justice went waves of nudges through the Salem county court house this afternoon as she gave some of the details of her courtship by Rev. John W. Davis, her former pastor and lover at Pedricktown. Miss Justice seeks \$10,000 damages from Mr. Davis because, she claims, he cruelly forsook her and broke his plighted troth. She said they were to have wed and four times the happy day was set and four times was it broken. For himself the pastor claimed that the engagement was broken because he found that the fair one of his flock was not fitted to make a suitable wife for the pastor of a village church, and he felt that he had been honorably released from the bond.

Miss Justice made an excellent witness for herself. That much could be seen from the way in which the juniors kept track of all she said in her quiet way, with low, winsome voice and demure frankness, once or twice coming perilously near to tears. She was defended by Assemblyman Scovel and his partner, Dr. Boyle, of Camber, and Attorney Hilliard, of this city, while the pastor was defended by former Prosecutor Acton, of this city. Supreme Court Justice Hendrickson guided the destinies of the love tragedy through all the acts.

Miss Justice told all about how she met the pastor of the church when he first came to preach in Pedricktown, and when he was a raw student at Crozer Seminary, at Upland, Pa. She said she was presented in an informal manner, with others of the little flock, after service on Sunday evening in 1899. Immediately thereafter the pastor showed her marked attention, and those who heard her say they couldn't blame the pastor at that. She said in a month from the time he had been presented the pastor was talking love and delicately saying that he had matrimonial intentions. She was not at all displeased, but said that it suited her. Matters went along with smoothness for many months, through the leafy Jones and frosty January till 1901. "Of course," said Miss Justice, "we had the customary lovers' quarrels, but they were patched up in a manner wholly pleasing to both sides. "Four times," she continued, "the day for the wedding was fixed, but each time Mr. Davis gave some reason for deferring it. "What were his reasons?" asked Mr. Scovel, gently.

"Once he said he had not enough funds; another time he said many members of the congregation objected." "What did you say to that?" "I told him that I thought the members of the congregation ought not to interfere in an affair of the heart," replied Miss Justice.

Miss Justice said the pastor came every Saturday night from Chester, and remained till Monday, spending most of the time, when he was not in church, in her company. He was all that an accepted lover should be, and she was happy. Suddenly, without any explanation to her or any one else, so far as she knew, Mr. Davis packed up and left for Europe and she did not get so much as a scrap of a letter from him. He was gone a year, and on his return he was called formally to the permanent pastorate of the church at Pedricktown. Asked if she had ever had an engagement ring from Mr. Davis, Miss Justice said she had not. She did think it somewhat strange, but as Mr. Davis did many things of an odd character, she did not consider this anything out of the ordinary.

"How did the minister propose?" asked Mr. Acton, when the fair plaintiff was turned over to him for cross-examination.

"I object," cried Mr. Scovel, instantly, and the big audience was displeased.

"I only wanted to know how he made love," said Mr. Acton.

"Well, his way may be different from yours," interposed Mr. Scovel, and that incident was closed.

When Mrs. Anna Justice, mother of the plaintiff, was called to the chair she said she had heard Mr. Davis call her daughter "Honey" and chided him for paying too much attention to other fair ones. Mr. Davis said to her: "Since there has been a definite engagement between your daughter and myself I have not called upon or written to one young woman." Mrs. Justice admitted that Mr. Davis had never asked her or her husband for the hand of the daughter, but she said he was always the apparently devoted and loyal lover.

A large number of the members of his flock, who had come to court as witnesses and spectators, some siding with the pastor and others with Miss Justice, saw the pastor mount the witness chair in his own behalf, and suppressed murmurs spread through the little room. Mr. Davis proceeded to deny practically all the allegations of his accuser, save that he had been her lover, and that they had been engaged but he said he had considered himself honorably absolved by the fair plaintiff in September, 1901. "We had a heart to heart talk," said Mr. Davis, "and I explained that there were many reasons why we should not continue our relations. I had found that she was not suited for the wife of a pastor. She asked me if I wished to be released, and I told her that I did, and it was clearly understood that I was released. It was felt to be the best for both."

Under cross-examination Mr. Scovel produced some burning letters which Mr. Davis had written his sweetheart in those happy days, but to the chagrin of the audience they were turned over to the jury without reading. One of them, however, Mr. Scovel held up for scrutiny, and asked the pastor its meaning. It was addressed "Dear Agnes," and subscribed "Yours lovingly." He merely referred to an engagement he had had for dinner one night, and asked Miss Justice to excuse him if he failed to appear at her home. He also asked her if she was "all right."

"That letter was written after the heart-to-heart talk, was it not?" asked Mr. Scovel.

"I believe it was," answered the pastor quietly.

"What is meant by all right?"

"It was just a pastor's interest in a member of his flock."

"You take a deal of interest in the feminine members, don't you?"

"Yes, and in the male members as well."

Mr. Davis had finished his testimony when the court adjourned.

DRUGGING WON'T CURE CATARRH.

All the medicine in the world taken into the stomach won't cure catarrh, and it's useless to squander money on tablets, bitters and liquid remedies. Catarrh is a disease of the nasal passages, throat and tracheal tubes. Stomach medicines can't reach these parts. It's only fragrant healing Catarrhazone which is breathed all through the air passages that is sure to reach the seat of Catarrh. No failure ever known if Catarrhazone was used. It heals and doesn't irritate; it soothes, kills the germs and therefore cures. Use only Catarrhazone the one certain cure. Two months' treatment: \$1.00; trial size 25c.

RELICS OF A VANQUISHED RACE.

They Were Found on Lonely and Deserted Island Off California.

Students of anthropology and ethnology are manifesting a lively interest in the explorations now being conducted on the Channel Islands, off the coast of California, by some twenty-five young men of the Smithsonian Institution and Island Stanford University. The exploration expedition has been at work several weeks, and the news now comes from the islands that the field has been found so interesting that the exploration will continue until early spring—probably longer. Ten years ago the late Senator Hearst of San Francisco offered to sustain an expedition of scientists, who should spend a summer season in exploring San Nicolas and San Clemente Islands, and to give the results of their finds to the State University at

Berkeley, in California; but there arose such a feeling of jealousy among several of the leaders in the proposed expedition that the senator withdrew his offer.

The Channel Islands comprise California's only archipelago with the possible exception of the rocky and scanty Farallone Islands. The former have been objects of romantic legends, curiosity and mystery for a generation or more. Notwithstanding all the islands are within eighty-two miles of the California shore, they are solitary and unfrequented, and years roll by without visits to them of more than twenty people annually. Each island has its own particular strange and curious traditions, and each has countless traces of occupation by thousands of Indians. When Joan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, sailed up the coast of California, in 1542, he stopped for a day or two at each of the Channel Islands and his records bear testimony that on the Islands of Santa Barbara, Catalina, San Clemente and San Nicolas there were "a vigorous and lusty race of natives, who thronged the shores of the little bays and headlands" and gazed in wonder at the white-sailed ships of the navigators. Today the islands stand as they did over 350 years ago, but the natives are only a memory, represented by immense quantities of stone, implements, barrels of fine wampum and literal carloads of human bones. San Nicolas Island, which lies eighty miles immediately opposite the little city of San Buenaventura (recently called by the more modern and easy name of Ventura), is the most interesting of all the Channel Islands from many points of view. As far back as the memory of any person in Southern California runs, hundreds of white skeletons have dotted the valleys and hillsides. Strange mounds of serpentine, sandstone and steel are found there among the human bones, and the island and its inhabitants have a history so curious that it is difficult of comprehension.

Nothing more desolate than the general appearance of the island can be imagined. As far as the eye can trace there are innumerable circular depressions, showing where primitive dwellings once stood. Not a vestige remains of the materials used in the construction of these rancherias. Hundreds of shell mounds are scattered about, and are found to consist of astonishing numbers of mollusks the bones of every species of fish found in the channel, skeletons of seals, sea elephants, whales, sea otters, the island fox and various aquatic birds. Without question these animals were used for food by the tribes that once thronged these bounderies. There are also numerous canine skeletons, several of which indicate a species of bull terrier. Judging from the immense quantities of dead land mollusks everywhere there must have been a time when the island supported luxuriant vegetation. Of all this verdure nothing is seen today but a few stunted thorn bushes, and now and then a cactus forlornly reaching its grotesque arms out of the interminable sweeps of sand.

An examination of some of the mounds disclose all sorts of curious utensils, stone cooking pots, water ollas, mortars, pestles, drills, bone needles and fish hooks, shell beads, charn stones, pipes, caps and a few arrow heads, spear points and swords made of bone. The absence of many weapons proves the peaceful attributes of the islanders. Small imitations of boats and fish carved from crystallized talc and serpentine also show a rudimentary knowledge of the art of sculpture. In many places conical piles of small black pebbles contrast oddly with white sand. In some instances these pebbles were closely packed in abalone shells. No trace is seen of the "brush pens," in which the lone woman of San Nicolas for years found her only shelter from the cutting wind and sand. Nature, ever unkind to the individual, long since medged the superhuman efforts of this courageous life into the universal fate of an entire race. Indeed, every foot of this strange island is eloquent of the extinction of an almost unheard of people.

ARE ALL WOMEN PRETTY?

Quite an unnecessary question, because so many women have such poor complexions. We want to tell all women with pale and sallow cheeks about Ferrazone, which quickly imparts fine color and gives the skin a clear, rich appearance. It's pure blood that makes fine complexions, so by producing lots of vitalizing blood, building up the debilitated system, increasing the circulation Ferrazone quickly brings the glow of health to faded cheeks. It's no trouble at all to beautify your looks—simply use Ferrazone. Try it. Price 50c, at druggists.

WORK JUST AFTER EATING.

Tension of Mental Effort Following a Meal Sometimes Disastrous.

(Journal of American Medical Association.)

It has long been known that a man is not at his best for hard mental work directly after a hearty meal, but the real dangers of work under such conditions are perhaps hardly appreciated. The tension is increased not only in the arteries of the body, but also in all probability in those of the brain, and this makes it easy for a weakened point to give way.

We recently have had a striking instance of death from apoplexy occurring in a prominent physician while making an after dinner speech, and the notable death of William Windom a few years ago, under similar circumstances, will be remembered, and still other cases might be mentioned. The dangers from this cause have not been recognized, but when we remember that these public banquets involve a pretty hard ingestion of food and a consequent rise of blood pressure, it need not be wondered at that sudden deaths from apoplexy during after dinner speeches are often recorded.

Apoplexy is a well known possibility of mental strain; the weak point may be unknown to the subject himself and not revealed by any objective symptoms. The individual may have passed a life insurance examination successfully only a short time before, as is reported to have been the case with the physician referred to, but the special stress becomes too strong for some point of weakness, and the result is fatal. It is not work, whether mental or physical, that kills. Intellectual workers, as a rule, are among the longer lived, but special stress under certain circumstances, such as post-concivial occasions, when the normal tendency to rise of blood pressure in the peripheral circulation is most marked, may be disastrous.

When a boy turns his bulging pocket inside out we marvel at the quantity and variety of articles he has stowed away. Old lengths of string, marbles, a horse-chestnut, a top, brass nails, hickory-outs, an apple, and many more articles are garnered by this "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." We think the collection must be hard on a boy's pocket, and it is. But do we ever think of the variety and mediocrity of the substance we put into the pocket of our stomach? There's the apple and the nut, and things besides quite as indigestible as brass nails and with no more food value than so many marbles. And yet we wonder that the stomach "gives out." When the stomach breaks down under the strain of careless eating and irregular meals it can be perfectly and permanently restored to health and strength by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The action of this medicine on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition is so marked, that relief from disease is at once experienced, and the headaches, liver "troubles," kidney disorders, skin eruptions and other symptoms of a diseased stomach are quickly cured. Whenever the use of a laxative medicine is indicated, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act in harmony with the "Discovery" and assist its action by purging the bowels of foul accumulations.

YORK COUNTY GIRL

Married in Colorado—Lucky One Miss Evans, Formerly of Cardigan.

(Elbert, Col., Tribune.)

On Tuesday evening, December 22nd, 1903, at the residence of the bride's parents, Eastonville, Colorado, Mr. Thor. W. Roberts and Miss Mary A. Evans, eldest daughter of Mr. John S. Evans, formerly of Cardigan, York County, and granddaughter of the late George Fred Estey, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

At the appointed hour Mrs. E. S. Plumb took her position at the organ and rendered in her most pleasing manner Mendelssohn's grand wedding march while the bridal party advanced to the front parlor where beneath an arch of fir and holly, they were met by Rev. J. F. Wallace of Table Rock, who performed the ceremony. The following morning the happy couple left on their honeymoon trip to Denver. On Christmas day a grand reception was tendered them at the home of the groom's father, Eli Roberts of Spring Valley. Only the immediate relatives were present.

The bride was dressed in a beautiful robe of white cashmere, the lovely bridal veil being fastened by a cluster of white

caruations. The bridemaid, Miss Eva Evans, sister of the bride, wore a suit of white lawn, trimmed with blue ribbons. Mr. Homer Roberts, younger brother of the groom, acted best man. Both gentlemen appeared in conventional black, and the wedding party presented a very pretty appearance.

After congratulations all repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous feast was spread. The dining room decorations were maiden hair fern and pink and white carnations.

After January 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will be "at home" to their friends in their newly furnished cottage on the ranch near Eastonville. Their host of friends wish them long life and much joy.

The presents were very beautiful and numerous, showing the high esteem in which the happy young couple were held.

FOR A STIFF NECK

Or any soreness in the muscles of the back or sides you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline, the most powerful liniment made. "My neck was so stiff I couldn't turn it a quarter of an inch," writes Fred T. Baldwin of Portsmouth. "I had it rubbed with Nerviline a few times and all the soreness and stiffness disappeared. I don't know another liniment you can depend on like Nerviline; it's splendid for colds, lameness, and can't be beaten for cramps and internal pain." Try Nerviline yourself. Price 25c.

MAKE THE LIONS ROAR.

Rev. D. C. Hossack on the Liquor Traffic.

At the Canadian Temperance League meeting in Toronto, Sunday afternoon, Rev. D. C. Hossack, pastor of Daer Park Presbyterian Church, spoke on lessons from the life of Samson, a Nazarene pledged to drink no wine. Samson's strength was a result of divine enthusiasm. When this divine enthusiasm possesses a person it is difficult to measure the work for good that one could accomplish. Samson had no difficulty in destroying the lion that came in his path. There were lions all about us in the city of Toronto, said the speaker, and strong drink was one of the greatest of these. It was the place of the pulpit and the platform and Christian men and women to make these lions roar, so that people could be warned. Some people protested against the pulpit making the lions roar. The pulpit should not deal with troublesome questions. Behind the roaring lion there were often wealthy capitalists and various selfish interests. But the minister who feared speaking against corruption and sin in any form had no right to be in the pulpit. The danger of the liquor habit was not in the last glass taken, but in the first.

MR MONK'S RETIREMENT.

Trying to Smooth it Over for Bye-Elections.

Montreal, Feb. 4.—Great efforts are being made by the Conservative press here to tide over the resignation of Mr. F. D. Monk from the Quebec party leadership until after the bye-election in the St. James' division of Montreal. But it is noteworthy that, although denials have been published, not one of them is a statement from Mr. Monk himself. It is evident that the ex-leader now regrets the premature disclosure of his resignation, and doubtless he will do as much as his dignity will permit to smooth the matter in the meantime. His friends are unusually solicitous for his appearance at some of the meetings in the interests of Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, the Conservative candidate in St. James and it is possible he will accede. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Monk is no longer leader of the party in this Province.

Holiday Goods.

Lucy & Co's goods for the New Year's trade are now in stock and purchasers requiring useful serviceable goods will make no mistake in selecting from our stock. We have men's youths' and children's suits in all sizes and patterns, overcoats, ulsters, reefers, rain-coats, water-proofs, etc. In boots, shoes, etc., our stock is as complete as it is possible to make it. Men's, boys' and children's hockey boots, also kid, calf and buff of the best manufacturers in Canada, moose moccasins, shoe-packs, oil tanned moccasins and lariagans, fur caps and for collars, also a large stock of cloth caps in corduroy, plush and astrican, trunks, valises, umbrellas, together with a large assortment of men's and ladies' underwear, silk handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., all at popular prices during the holiday season at Lucy & Co's.—d.